

MARY LOVELL.

BY J. MILTON SAUNDERS.

"It was in the leafy month of June," said the stranger, as we sat together in the little country inn, waiting until the stage-coach, in which we had been overturned, should be repaired, "on one of these calm, crystal evenings only seen in southern climates, that I first saw Mary Lovell, the youthful, bewitching Mary! I was introduced to her at a ball where music floated around, where the perfume of flowers filled the air, and where voices, sweeter than the note of the nightingale, filled the soul with ecstasy. And the most melodious of all voices was that of Mary. Oh! I loved her from the first moment I beheld her.

"That night will live in my memory forever. Our hearts soon grew closer, and ere long she was leaning on my arm, listening to my burning words, for a strange eloquence had seized me. The merry laugh from the garden reached our ears, and thither we went. It was a glorious night. The landscape was bathed in the liquid light of the silver moon, not a shadow of floating cloud or mist for a moment dimmed the splendor, but like a bright creation from the pencil of Claude, the garden lay before us. A river flowed below us, and catching the reflections from the trees its waves flung them again into our eyes. The air was mild and redolent of perfume. With a gentleness which scarcely lifted the sunny curls from Mary's neck, it fanned our temples, and wafted the breath of myriads of flowers into our faces. Think you not that I was then happy? I have heard the glowing words of the Oriental In-provisatoire, I have dwelt enraptured upon their brilliant imaginings, and dreamed with them of heavens and houris, till my leaping heart almost burst with ecstasy, but still I experienced not the beatitude with which I listened to the low, soft voice of Mary Lovell. The mother's heart swells with delight as she first catches the prattle of her worshipped infant; the devotee's bosom glows as his excited imagination pictures to him the consummation of his long cherished and loftiest aspirations—but what are they to the bliss of love!

"Long and secretly I loved, but with a natural diffidence I barred my passion within my breast till it could no longer be contained. At last it burst its confinement, and I revealed it. Again it was on a festive occasion—in that very garden where I had first learned to love. And it was reciprocated. My wildest dreams were now realized. The hand of Mary Lovell was clasped in mine; her large, deep blue eyes were beaming love on me with a language before whose power and

eloquence words fall powerless and unmeaning. I poured out my heart's burning contents into her ears—the deep founts of her heart answered in her cheeks—with every word that heart beat a response, and the pressure of her hand confirmed it. This was a rapturous moment—she had just unburdened the passion which she had long cherished for me—her lips had just uttered the words which sealed my happiness, when a figure started up and interrupted us. A moment satisfied me it was Howard St. John.

"This man had long loved Mary Lovell, but his passion was not reciprocated. The gentle spirit of Mary shrank from his stern, but impetuous nature. Rich and little used to being thwarted in his desires, he had become wayward and incapable of governing himself in the least. Every person had submitted to his behests, till he imagined that for him to speak was to be obeyed. He was a creature of the most impetuous and ungovernable passion, impulsive and quick in his determinations, and dreaded by all who knew him.

"It was this man who now so suddenly placed himself before the object of my adoration. The fire of his dark eye flashed on her, the curl of his lip grew deeper, and the scorn with which he gazed at her became black and withering in its expression.

"*'Mary Lovell,'* spoke he, as he folded his arms. *'Why are you not as is generally your wont among the dancers? Here is no place for one so lovely as you—permit me to lead you where men of rank and wealth may gaze upon you and be enraptured.'*

"*'Howard St. John, this gentleman will lead me where you desire,'* spoke Mary Lovell, recoiling from him like the sensitive plant when touched by some rude hand.

"*'And pray, sir, who are you?'* cried St. John, quickly turning upon his heel, and looking keenly in my face. The blood mounted into my temples—with a scorn equalling his own, I scrutinized the dark features of the intruder, and threw back again his eagle gaze. There was a calmness in my answer which astonished me, knowing, as I did, the impetuosity of my temper when aroused.

"*'Sir, I am a gentleman.'* A derisive laugh escaped the stranger, the scarlet blood could be seen even through his dark skin, and the expression of his eye became of that unearthly and furious nature which characterizes a maddened animal. But for a moment he disregarded me.

"*'Mary Lovell,'* spoke he, *'I have loved you long and ardently. When the world has been hushed in repose, have I stood for hours in the bower where you are wont to sit, and pictured to my mind the lineaments of your face. Mary Lovell! I love you with a deep, a consuming*

devotion—aye, I worship you above everything on earth, even more than my God—can you not return a degree of my love? Cannot you bid me hope? bid me but despair not, and I am content. Speak—no equivocation, no subterfuge, but answer plainly—can you love me?”

“The roseate fled from Mary’s cheeks, in a moment they were bleached of Parian whiteness, and she trembled as she answered,

“Howard St. John *I love another.*”

“St. John slowly raised his hand and pressed it against his forehead—he closed his eyes, and staggered against a tree—his breast heaved with the wildest throes, and his face lost its color. It was but a moment—like the wild tiger when she beholds her offspring about to be torn from her, St. John sprang from his leaning posture. His ashy lips were firmly compressed against his closed teeth—his eyes were wild, and their expression furious. The next instant he leapt upon me, almost before I suspected his purpose, with a drawn poignard in his hand. The first intimation I had of his intention was betrayed by the gleaming of the steel in the moonlight.

“Ha!” he hissed, “have I been supplanted by you? Then here I revenge myself.”

“As he spoke the dagger descended on the air, but at this crisis, when death seemed irresistible, for he had wound his other arm tightly around me, and for the time I was defenceless, a hand caught his and arrested the blow.

“Quick as lightning St. John, now transported by passion into a fiend, sprang on Mary who had thus interposed, and, though I darted to her side with equal speed, I was too late. I saw the blade poised an instant in the air just out of arms reach, I beheld it descend, and then the warm blood gushed from Mary’s bosom before my eyes—”

“Oh! God,” I screamed, interrupting the narrator, while the wine-glass crushed beneath the intense pressure of my hand, “and he murdered her.”

“No,” said the narrator, “for at that instant I awoke; and I need not tell you how overjoyed I was to find that I was lying in my bed, whither I had retired half mad with joy, for that evening Mary had accepted me. Many an anxious hour had St. John given me before I could summon courage to address her; and so my vision was, after all, not so unnatural. Mary and I were soon happily married, and if you will visit me at —, I will prove to you that even now, twenty years after that memorable evening, she is still beautiful.”

At this instant the door of the inn opened, and the stage-driver appearing, told us that the coach had been mended and not a moment was to be lost.

THINGS THAT I LOVE.

BY NEHEMIAH HODGE.

I LOVE the murmuring woodlands
In summer’s heat to rove,
And steal the notes of melody
That warble in the grove;
Where e’en the giant forest
Its branches green entwines,
In solitude to wander
At weary day’s decline.

I love to watch the shadows
Along the hill-side creep,
Or through the valley lengthen,
Or o’er the river leap;
The breezes soft that waft them
The crystal waters o’er,
And kiss with maiden sweetness
The ripples on the shore.

I love the noiseless silence
That evening’s shadows bring,
And e’en the dusky mantle
That o’er the world they fling;
Night’s sable, seamless curtain
That hides the welkin blue,
And opens the tiny portals
That let the glory through.

I love the starry phalanx
That evening’s gates unfold,
That dance along night’s ocean
Like bubbles dipt in gold;
The peerless queen that leads them
The azure summit through,
And decks the earth, her sister,
With pearls of living dew.

I love to sit embowered
Beneath the evening sky,
And soar in secret rapture
To fairy worlds on high;
On faith’s angelic pinions
To scale the heights above,
And range with kindred spirits
Through mansions bright of love.

SONNET.

CAN I forget those early, blessed hours,
When first I learned to roam alone with thee,
When all on earth seem’d lost in melody,
Or gently wrapt in love’s sweet magic powers?
Can I forget that joyful love-fraught song
Which thou so oft hast sweetly sung to me?
Angelic melody it seem’d to be,
Ringing the hills and leafy woods among.
Youth’s brightest, fairest days may pass away—
Old age, with faltering step, come on apace,
Yet ne’er while reason holds its god-like sway
Can I forget those days—that lovely face.
To banish them I strive in vain, and never
Can I forget: in dreams I see them ever. B. J. F.

THE COUSIN'S PROTEGEE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"HARRY, Harry," exclaimed a young girl to her companion, as they were sauntering down Broadway one fine spring afternoon, "save, oh, save her!" pointing at the same moment to a child who was crossing the street, unconscious that a horse which had become disengaged from a wagon, was running furiously toward her. Harry sprang forward, but he was too late. The child fell, and the animal passed over her. He raised her in his arms and carried her insensible into a shop near by. The usual restoratives were applied and she soon revived. On first unclosing her eyes she was bewildered, and after anxiously glancing around as though in search of some dear, familiar face, she dropped her head on her preserver's shoulder and burst into tears.

Having ascertained the street and number of her mother's residence, Harry Alnwood procured a carriage, and entering it with his cousin, proceeded immediately to the house. A delicate and interesting woman about thirty years of age, met them at the door.

"My child, my Lucy," she screamed as they bore the little girl into the house, "oh, God! is she killed?"

"No, my dear madam," said Caroline Alnwood, taking her hand, "be calm, I entreat you. She is frightened and some hurt, but not seriously, we trust."

Harry placed Lucy in her mother's arms.

"I am not much hurt, dear mother," she said; "I shall be well to-morrow. Don't cry so, I am sure I shall be well."

Caroline remained with the mother while Harry ran for a physician. On his arrival he pronounced the injury to be of a trifling nature; but advised rest and quiet for a few days. Harry and his cousin then took their leave, promising to call on the following day.

The next morning they made an early visit and found little Lucy sitting in a large arm chair engaged with her books. She was a lovely child about ten years of age. Fair and delicate in her appearance, with intelligence and affection beaming in her countenance, "none saw her but to love her." The whole expression of her features was so pure, so innocent, that as you gazed upon them you could almost fancy her a being of a holier world than ours.

She smiled with pleasure as she saw our two young friends, and the pale mother smiled too,

when she saw the kindness manifested by them toward her darling. Gradually, they drew from her a sketch of her sad history. She had married in opposition to the wishes of her friends, and a few years saw her a widow with a young babe. For long and weary years she had toiled day and night to preserve herself and child from want, but her health was now fast failing her, and she felt that her child would soon be alone in a cold and selfish world.

"I cannot," she added in conclusion, "I cannot bear that my Lucy should be dependent on those, who have despised my kind, true-hearted husband. Oh! I pray that I may be spared until she is able, by her own efforts, to procure a comfortable subsistence."

After a few kind words, Harry and his cousin left the house. They walked some distance in silence. At length Harry said,

"Cousin, why do you not adopt that little girl? I have often heard you say you would like a protégée. Where can you find a lovelier one than Lucy? I will willingly defray all the expenses if you will take that sad mother and her beautiful child under your protection."

"You have anticipated me, Harry," replied Caroline, "my mind has been constantly busied since last evening with schemes for benefiting Lucy. I had almost resolved on the course you have proposed, and now that I have your approval I shall hesitate no longer. You know I am called rather Quixotic in my ideas of benevolence, so that it is quite consoling to have my whims countenanced, even by my young and giddy cousin."

Caroline Alnwood was a beautiful girl of twenty-two years of age. Accomplished and agreeable, and the mistress of an independent fortune, left her by the early death of her parents, she was surrounded by flatterers and admirers; yet high-minded and noble in her character and feelings, she stood unscathed among them. Easily discerning between the true and the false among her suitors, she had the word of pity and regret for the one, and galling words of scorn and contempt for the other. Her heart was free and joyous as the birds in spring. By the world she was called eccentric—but that same world dare breathe of naught but purity connected with her name. Enthusiastic in all that interested her, she was pleased to find in cousin Harry (though two years her junior) a warm supporter and advocate.

It was soon decided that Lucy was to be adopted and educated by the cousins, and the proposal was received with deep gratitude by the mother, whose heart was now at ease about her child. Lucy soon endeared herself to her young friends by her gentle

and winning ways and her affectionate disposition, and most dearly did they love the little girl.

Six months passed by, and Harry Alnwood departed for Europe on a tour of three years, and a few weeks after his departure the mother of Lucy was carried to her last resting-place, wept only by her daughter and that daughter's kind friend.

CHAPTER II.

"Say, dear Harry, when shall we make our visit to the country? You know that you have long promised that we should go as soon as the warm weather commenced."

The speaker was a fair young girl, and very lovely; yet sadness, the sadness of a breaking heart, rested on every feature; and the smile that sometimes illuminated her countenance was marked with the same deep melancholy. As she raised her eyes to the person she addressed, love, deep, fervent, undying love, was expressed in that single glance.

"As soon, dear Lucy, as I can make arrangements to leave conveniently," Harry Alnwood replied; "but where do you most wish to go, Lucy?"

"To M——, my birth-place, and the burial-place of my parents. It seems to me that if I could once more breathe the pure air of my native hills, and press my aching forehead to the fresh green sods of my mother's grave, I should be better—happier. Oh, mother! mother!" she continued, and an expression of anguish passed over her countenance, "why, why was your dying advice so fatal to your child? Oh! Harry, well do I remember my feelings while returning from mother's funeral. She had charged me with her dying breath to place implicit confidence in my adopted friends, and to have no reserves from them, for they would advise me for my good; and to love them dearly, for so only could I repay the great debt of gratitude I owed them: and I thought of all this when I had seen her laid in the cold grave, and in the simplicity of childhood I wished that you were with me, that I might tell you all she said, and how much, how very much I loved you. Oh, mother! mother, would that your child had died with you. Oh! Harry, it breaks my heart to think of these things."

She had buried her face in her hands while speaking. As she raised her head she saw an expression of impatience on Alnwood's brow which brought the bitter tears to her eyes, but with a strong effort she drove them back, and taking his hand pressed it to her pale face, and sat in silence. As Alnwood gazed on her, his feelings were those of pity and regret. He thought of her pure and fervent love for him, and of her devoted attachment to him unworthy as he had proved himself to be. As he looked on the wan countenance and

attenuated form of the once bright and happy Lucy, his heart smote him, and he would have given worlds to restore to her the purity and peace of mind which he had destroyed. He felt that it was worse than mockery to utter words of consolation to that bruised spirit, and drawing her gently toward him, he murmured words of endearment so precious to the heart that truly loves, and with assurances of affection unchangeable he would have soothed her. And for a time she yielded to his influence. But dark and bitter thoughts crowded fast through her mind, and bursting into tears, she sobbed,

"Oh! Harry, promise never to forsake me or I cannot live. There is a feeling of coming evil which I cannot subdue. It haunts me constantly; but say that you do love, and never will forsake your Lucy, and I will trust you."

"Most dearly do I love you, Lucy," he replied; "and, rest assured, I never will forsake you."

She smiled through her tears, and believed the lying words of an unprincipled man. Poor Lucy! she was yet to taste of a cup presented by the hand of him she loved that would madden her very soul. Soothed and tranquilized by the kindness of Alnwood's manner, the day passed swiftly and pleasantly away.

Soon after sunset Harry prepared for a walk, and advised Lucy to retire early, as he expected a friend to pass the evening with him. Folding her in his arms he pressed his lips to her forehead, and left the house, and Lucy retired to her chamber with a lighter heart than she had known for many weeks.

She had distrusted her kind, true-hearted Harry! Oh! she would never be guilty of a doubt again. Seating herself by a small table, she turned over the leaves of a new book, in the vain attempt to fix her mind on its contents. But she could not read; she could not remain quiet; and she threw herself upon the bed, hoping to find forgetfulness in sleep. The night was hot and sultry, and the close air of the room insupportable. Rising and hastily robing herself in a morning gown, she descended to an apartment adjoining the one occupied by Alnwood and his friend. For a time she paced the room, listening with feelings of envy to the gay voices which fell upon her ear, but the cool air was grateful to her excited and feverish frame. Throwing herself upon a couch she yielded to its influence, and soon sank into a quiet slumber. An hour passed by, and still she slept sweetly. A loud voice pronouncing the name of Caroline Alnwood, her benefactress, roused her, and she listened eagerly for the words of the speaker.

"So, Hal, you are determined to propose: what

will you bet the fair lady does not reject your very disinterested offer?"

"Any thing you please, Fred," said Harry Alnwood, in reply. "I know cousin Cary well, and I have too much confidence in her affection for me to doubt her acceptance."

"I wonder, Hal," said Fred, with a quiet sneer, "if Miss Alnwood is as well acquainted with her honorable cousin's character as your humble servant. Does she know that the gamester's debts are to be liquidated from the handsome fortune she will bring her husband? Does she know that the lovely fairy, Lucy—"

"Hush, Fred, for heaven's sake, hush, unless you would drive me mad. Fred, I love Caroline Alnwood with my whole soul, and I shrink with self-abasement from the consciousness of the duplicity I am practising. I do not think she has any suspicion of my follies and errors, and I am certain that did she know of poor Lucy, she would spurn me from her as a thing too vile for earth." And for a moment he sighed. "But I am a ruined and a desperate man, and my only chance of retrieving myself is by a union with my cousin. To-morrow I shall propose. Come to me in the evening and I will let you know the result."

"But what will become of Lucy, Hal?"

"Alas! I know not. The poor child loves me with all the affection of a woman, and I fear it will break her little heart. She has long wished to visit the country. I shall leave her there and communicate my intentions by writing. It will spare me a scene."

Lucy listened for no more. Pressing her hands to her throbbing temples as though she feared her reason would desert her, she proceeded slowly to her room. Quietly closing the door, she seated herself by a window, and leaning her head upon her hand, she tried to recall what she had heard. Neither sigh nor tear escaped her. Calm and unmoved she sat there, while she thought of the past. Seven years had gone by since she received the dying blessing of her mother, and turned for consolation to the cousins; her only friends in the wide world. She thought of Caroline's kindness and affection for her, and of the love and gratitude that had ever filled her heart towards her young benefactress. She thought of the time of Harry's return to his native country—of the love that she had lavished on him. How when surrounded by admirers she had turned coldly from them all, to win a smile from him she loved. She remembered his ardent professions of undying love for her—the influence he had exerted to prevail on her to forsake her bright and happy home, to become an outcast to all but him. She remembered her wild dreams

of happiness—how for a time they had been realized; and then came the harsh words and cruel neglect; and she thought how she had borne it all lest he should be entirely alienated from her.

Then came the remembrance of the kind words of that day, and his promise of never forsaking her; and the cold careless words of the evening, which had so wrung her soul. It was too much for that gentle girl. She sank back in the chair senseless.

The next morning, Alnwood found an incoherent scrawl upon his table. It was from Lucy, bidding him farewell, and praying him to remember kindly the love of the heart he had crushed. He was surprised, grieved; but, after the first shock of the intelligence, with the selfishness of a man of the world, he rejoiced that the connection had been so easily dissolved. Yet conscience whispered him that if she died he was a murderer; and the recollection of her fervent love for him, and her patient endurance of his neglect and harshness filled him with remorse. He made diligent inquiry of the household as to the time and manner of Lucy's departure, but he could find no clue to her retreat. To banish reflection, he proceeded early to his cousin's house. He learned at the door that Caroline had been called suddenly into the country by a sick friend, and that it was uncertain when she returned.

CHAPTER III.

A fortnight passed, and Alnwood received intelligence of his cousin's return. He hastened to welcome her. She returned his greeting kindly, but her loveliness was dimmed by the hours of watching and anguish, she had passed by the side of her sick friend. Tears started in her eyes as she received his embrace, and covering her face with her hands she wept aloud. Alnwood was grieved to see her so affected, and he told her so; and as she became more composed, he spoke of his earnest desire to be permitted to protect and soothe her under every circumstance of life. He spoke of his long affection for her, which had commenced in childhood; of the doubts and fears which harassed him; and concluded by placing his happiness at her disposal.

"She did not shrink from him—she did not even withdraw the hand he had taken, but her voice was sorrowful as she replied—

"Cousin, I am too much affected to think of happiness now." She sighed deeply, and for many moments she was silent, and apparently much affected. "My anxiety about poor Lucy has been renewed," she said. "The letter I received purporting to come from her mother's friends, I have proved to be a forgery. Harry," she placed her hand

upon his arm and looked him earnestly in the face, "Harry, report says that you can tell me what became of her when she left my protection. Is it so? Speak truly, Harry, and I will bless you."

For a moment he hesitated. The proud man shrank from the light touch of that small hand, and from that beseeching glance, and he could have fallen at his cousin's feet and confessed all. For a moment, the idea flashed through his mind, could Lucy have betrayed him; but he knew that he wronged her by the thought. Every thing was at stake, and he replied,

"Report speaks not the truth."

Did he understand that glance of his noble cousin's eye? Did it express indignation and contempt? He was bewildered. She recalled him to himself by saying sternly,

"Follow me, Harry."

As she spoke, she threw open the doors into another room, and pointed to a table in the centre of it, covered with a white cloth. It concealed a coffin bearing the name and age of the unfortunate Lucy. Removing the cloth and placing her hand on the cold fair forehead, she bade him "look." The wretched man groaned aloud.

"Poor, poor Lucy," murmured Caroline; "Harry, she came to me in the frenzy of delirium and revealed all, every thing. A few days before she died she was sensible, and she would have retracted all that she had said; she would have made me believe it false; but she unwittingly corroborated the truth of her ravings, by imploring me to love you and make you happy, for indeed you had never injured her. She died of a broken heart, and I thanked God that she was dead. Harry, you have long known that I loved you. Had you been the ingenuous cousin of former years, and acknowledged the great sin of which you have been guilty, I must have pitied, while I now despise. I put you to the test, and you disappointed me. Harry, Harry Alnwood, look on that face, once so lovely, now cold in death. Recall to mind our first meeting with her, an innocent, pure-hearted child; her affection for you as a child; her deep, self-destroying love as a woman. Remember her in the brightness and purity of her character; loving, trusting, and confiding in us her two dearest friends. Harry, do you remember all this? How like a fairy she appeared to us in her loveliness and how we rejoiced that our adopted child was one so eminently worthy of our love. Oh! Harry, how I loved her. I would have died to have saved her." Caroline was silent, overcome by her feelings. She roused herself with an effort. "Harry Alnwood," she said, and her voice was sad and stern, "the fair child, the lovely girl, lies before

you. Whose victim? Aye, answer me that. You promised to love and cherish her as a young sister, and you have destroyed her. Did I tell you she died of a broken heart? Think of that. Dwell upon it, until you go mad, as she did. Oh, God! the best, the loveliest of thy creatures, to be destroyed by one who pledged himself to keep her from all harm. But she will not die unavenged. May her memory never die in his heart. Oh! Lucy! in your pure, unselfish love, you would have blessed the author of your misery. Harry Alnwood, I knew you to be unprincipled and a gamester, but I fondly hoped that my love would have won you back to virtue. Fool! fool that I was. But I did not know you," and her figure rose to its proudest height, "I did not know you to be a seducer—liar—murderer. Leave me, Harry Alnwood, and forever."

Alnwood had not interrupted her. He could not. Conscience stricken he stood before her, not daring to raise his eyes from the ground. Her last words recalled him to himself. He would have said, "Let us not part in anger," but his lips refused him utterance.

Woman's pity triumphed over indignation in Caroline's heart, as she saw the misery depicted in his countenance, and offering her hand, she said, "Farewell, cousin, may God forgive you this sin;" she would not add, "as I forgive you;" and bending her head down to the pale face of the dead, she wept bitterly. Oh, Lucy! Lucy!

Alnwood rushed from the house. Disappointment, remorse, and despair filled his soul, and reckless and desperate he madly rushed into eternity. And Harry Alnwood, the generous, noble hearted, enthusiastic youth, the cold hearted, unprincipled, and dissipated man, was laid in the suicide's grave. J. G.

MY MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

On! as the twining tendrils of the vine
Fasten themselves around some graceful tree,
So did mine infant arms encircle thee!
Thou who did'st answer, with the strength of thine,
The fond, beseeching helplessness of mine!
Whose bosom was the cradle of my youth—
From whose sweet, snowy fountains, warm with truth,
Which, in thy heart's core, burnt with love divine,
I drank the emulgent nectar, while the shine
Of thy sweet countenance beamed down on me
With angel tenderness—all radiantly—
And kindled in mine agile form supine
A thrill of joy, responsive to thine own,
Which, since that hour, this heart hath never known

THE NEW COMER.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

OUR village was one day thrown into commotion by the arrival of a stranger, whose business there baffled the gossips, a sort of folks who usually know more of other people's affairs than of their own. The new comer was a gentleman, young and handsome, and, some said, rich, though on this point there was a dispute, for, though he dressed well and was lavish of his money, he kept no horses, and this in our village, be it known, was generally considered the test of opulence. He kept himself aloof from society, made few acquaintances, and either spent the day reading in his rooms or wandering off alone into the hills. On Sunday morning he attended church, and sat in the gallery, but, in the afternoon, he was to be seen idly strolling along the banks of the little river that wound around our village. This practice greatly scandalized some of the stricter folks, who accordingly set him down as no better than he should be. There was certainly something mysterious about him, said the gossips, and people did not court mystery unless they had something to conceal. The tide soon became strong against the new comer. He was voted, at most of the tea-tables, a suspicious character; while, at a few, he was even stigmatized as a forger, escaped convict, or something worse.

"Do you know?" said an elderly, red-armed spinster, at one of these assemblies, "that this Mr. Jones, the new comer, has been seen at night on the lake, rowing about like one crazy? It's my opinion the man's mad—perhaps a maniac escaped from the hospital. Don't you think there's something wild about his eye, Miss Christie?"

"Well, I don't know," said the lady addressed, putting down her tea-cup, and looking with some surprise at the speaker, "really you are always making out that folks are crazy. Now there's Mrs. Simpson, when she lost her husband, you said would grow crazy; and there's Polly Thorne, when Jim Stiles was drowned at sea, was certain to become a lunatic, you declared; and there's Nehemiah Maule—why, you had it, he was going mad for joy, right off the reel, when he drew the prize in the lottery. Everybody, Miss Jenkins, according to you, is going crazy—I expect, some day, you'll have it that I'm getting out of my head."

A general laugh followed this, after which Miss Christie continued with evident elation and in a patronizing tone,

"Now as for Mr. Jones, no one, if she was to talk from now till doomsday, could persuade me that he was crazy. It would be better for him,"

she said, lowering her voice, "if he was. It's my belief that the man's a——"

"What?" said half a dozen voices breathlessly.

Miss Christie first looked cautiously all around, and then, bending her head across the table, whispered,

"A burglar!"

"A burglar!" responded the voices, and then there was a silence, during which the hearers looked amazed from each other to the speaker.

"Yes! a burglar. And I'll tell you what makes me think so," she continued, still in a whisper. "Last night our help was returning from a visit out of the village, late at night, and just as she passed Squire Holdich's big house, who should she see but a man stealing along under the shadow of the fence as if to avoid observation. But she caught a glimpse of his face, nevertheless, and knew him to be Mr. Jones. Curious to see what he was doing there she hid in a clump of trees close by and watched him. Well he went all round the house, looking up at the windows, but stooping and shrinking into the shadow if he heard the slightest noise. He kept this up for near half an hour, and then went softly back to the pond, which, you know, comes close up to the back of the Squire's garden, and got into a skiff and rowed across to the tavern, but so stealthily that you couldn't have heard the least noise from his oars."

The opinion of Miss Christie, deduced from these facts, seemed plausible to her listeners. Squire Holdich was old and feeble, and lived almost alone. Nothing would be easier than to rob the old man. After some further discussion, it was resolved, Miss Jenkins only dissenting, that the new comer intended to break into the squire's house some night soon, and rob, and, perhaps, murder the old man.

From the tea-table the gossips went forth big with their intelligence, which early the next morning travelled through the village. About nine o'clock, and when the news was still fresh, the inhabitants were thrown into commotion by the information that Squire Holdich had been found that morning dead in bed, and it was rumored that marks of violence were on his person. The two facts were sufficient. The whole village was in a turmoil of horror, zeal and indignation. Search was instantly made for Mr. Jones, who, discovered in his chamber, was arrested, and dragged before the neighboring magistrate, the infuriated inhabitants not allowing him until then a word of exculpation.

"May I ask," said the prisoner, when order had been in some measure restored in the zealous crowd, and he found himself confronted with the magistrate, "what I am here for? Seized rudely in my room, and dragged hither by a vociferous

mob, I have had no opportunity to learn clearly of what I am accused, much less to defend myself. Let me hear the charge."

The pompous functionary, who never before having had a capital case before him, now fairly swelled with importance, stated the charge at length. The start of the prisoner on hearing of the squire's death, and his continued agitation were taken as conclusive evidences of his guilt. However, witnesses were called. The help of Miss Christie's family appeared and told her story. Now, for the first time, did a smile steal over the face of the prisoner. He waited until she had ceased, when he said,

"I think, sir, I can settle this matter easily. You must have seen my agitation on hearing Mr. Holdich's death. It was natural, for he was my uncle. But, of late years, we have been on indifferent terms, chiefly because I am a suitor for his daughter." Here the gossips opened their eyes. "I came here clandestinely, and under an assumed name, to see her. I am a lawyer by profession, of some little note I believe, since it is my good fortune to be attorney general of this state." Here the magistrate started and looked confounded. "There must, even in this little village, be many who have seen and can identify me. As for my uncle's death, I know not the facts yet, but he was apoplectic, and has probably been carried off by a stroke of that disease. Let the physician be sent for from the mansion, for one is, by this time, doubtless there, who can pronounce on the cause of my relative's death. Rumor is nothing, you know, sir."

The magistrate, at these words, was overwhelmed, and, for a space, lost his speech. Recovering it he was full of apologies, for now, on scrutinizing the face of the new comer, he recognized the able attorney general, whom he had worshipped at a distance, in Trenton, the preceding winter. He got down from his chair, expressed a world of regret, and was now as servile as he had been before important. Had a doubt remained on any one's mind it would have been removed by the arrival of the physician, who, having heard that a stranger had been arrested for the murder of Squire Holdich, hastened to tell the magistrate that the old man died of apoplexy.

The gossips of our village were for once confounded, and Miss Christie's surmises never thereafter obtained much credit. She, however, took her revenge by saying, twelve months after, when the heiress was united to her distinguished, but comparatively poorer cousin, that "Miss Holdich ought to be ashamed of herself for marrying a man her father opposed." But everybody else said that the heiress was right, since the old man had suffered the young people to love each other for years un-

opposed, and only became hostile to his nephew, of late years, when his avarice became a madness to him. Ellen had always been a dutiful child to her father when living—they said—but it did not follow that she must make herself miserable for life. And so even the gossips put Miss Christie down.

Our village still busies itself about every stranger's business; though we think we can say that the gossips are on the decrease.

NATURE'S INSPIRATION.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

NATURE alone can fill the thirsting soul
With that pure depth of high and holy thought,
That bids it soar from earthly things; and he—
Who walks through life, unmoved by all the forms
Of radiant beauty o'er the fair earth spread,
Whose heart thrills not, like the Æolian lyre,
With every change the varying year assumes,
Or bounds not with the earlier breath of spring,
Which whispers softly to the slumbering flowers
Their genial wakening time,—who feels no awe
Steal o'er his spirit, when the gathering storm
Wheels in its cloudy car across the skies,
By lightning steeds far-borne—Knows not the joy,
The pure, unmingled bliss that Nature yields.
And he, who kneels at Poesy's shrine, and seeks
To win a poet's bays, will find the stream
That tells, as it flows on, of forest-wilds,
And dells, where, leaping from the green earth's breast,
Its buoyant course began, a nobler fount
To inspire high thoughts than even Castaly;
And every crag or thunder-riven peak
That lifts its hoary head above the storm,
Will be to him a Delphos. When he treads
Its rock-encumbered crests, and feels the strange
And wild, tumultuous throbings of his heart,
Its every chord vibrating with the touch
Of the high Power that reigns supreme o'er all,
He well may deem that lips of angel-forms
Have breathed to him the holy melody,
That fills his o'erfraught heart. And every breeze
That bears the wild flowers ruffled sweets; each tree
That waves upon the steep, and babbling rills,
That gush unnoticed save by him alone,
Shall waken feelings in his heaven-lit mind,
That spring, like Alpine flowers, to beautify
The waste of worldly thought.

Let him go forth,
Amid the stillness of the silent night,
Where fall the quivering moonbeams through the
boughs
Of some dim, shadowy wood; and while the low
And sighing wind breathes thro' the whispering trees
Like spheric music from the far-off stars,
Commune alone with Nature's majesty,
And feel the presence of an unseen power
That fills the soul with deep-hushed awe, yet leads
It from terrestrial cares, to soar on high,
And walk with God the starry halls of Heaven.

THE SUMMER TIME.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THIS is the first day of the season that reminds us of what the Germans call, so lovingly, "the summer time." The air is soft and balmy and smells of far off flowers. Yesterday it dallied among the orange groves, and to day, lo! it is here, going by the cheek as if the wing of an angel rustled nigh, and stealing over the senses to infuse a delicious languor into every nerve. Last night beheld the brightest moon of the year, and this morning the sky was still intensely blue, but a thin mist is stealing over it as the day advances, white and transparent, but gradually getting creamy toward the south. It will rain tomorrow. And a fortnight may pass before we have another day like this, intoxicating us, here under these April skies, with visions of the summer time.

Who does not love the summer time? Autumn, with its golden fruitage, waving fields, and gentle airs—its corn huskers singing to the harvest, and its children nutting in the woods—its forests of variegated hue, its brown hill sides regally clothed in purple, and its still waters slumbering in the drowsy sunshine of the afternoon is beautiful—ay! beautiful exceedingly, even as that Paradise the way-worn pilgrim, Christian, saw glimpses of, afar off, from the Delectable land. There is a grandeur in winter, stern and wild it may be, but a grandeur which speaks to the soul. Its aspect and associations carve their names deep in the memory. When the snow spins in the tempest, and the naked trees moan, tossing their branches to and fro—when dark clouds lower almost to the earth, and the hail rushes down like the voice of an Alpine torrent—when the stars twinkle clear in the frosty atmosphere, and the keen northwest moans down the hill side like a lost spirit—when you sit by your crackling fire and hear the merry jingle of approaching bells, then is winter, stern old gray-beard, to be remembered. Spring has a beauty of its own. There is something in the bursting grass, the returning birds, the fragrant earth, the full waters of early spring which wakes the emotion of poetry even in breasts seared by crime, soured by misfortune or frozen by age. There is something in the leafing of the trees, in the opening of the blossoms, and in the fragrance of early wild flowers which has always made spring peculiarly intoxicating to us. We can echo Keat's rapturous desire, "for a beaker full of the warm South." The first mild day in March, who does not remember it. The soft April rains, ah! what can equal them. And then the melody of running waters combined with the earliest songs of the blue-bird, bobolink, and a dozen other favorites.

Spring is indeed lovely—a maiden in her innocence and truth, blushing, smiling, and anon even tearful, and daily seeming to your fond eyes more beautiful. But if spring is a virgin in her youthful, summer is a matron in her maturer loveliness. The one, delicate and ethereal; but the other, womanly, warm, trusting and all your own. Oh! the summer time for us.

Now, if we were a German, how, at that word, we would straightway begin to think of long stiff rows of lindens shading the dusty roads that lead to gardens out in the country, where we might eat our curds with all the town, and afterward drink our coffee and smoke our meerschaum in dreamy idleness, vacillating between sleeping and waking, and building castles in the air all through the long, drowsy summer afternoon. If we were well to do in the world we should be going off to our vineyard or *lust-haus* to regale ourselves and friends; for a German, mind ye, must be eating, even over the finest landscape in the world. Or we would gather together a troop of our acquaintance and trundle ourselves, in clumsy, ricketty waggons, off to some ruin or mountain side, where, sitting on rude benches between trees, we would open our hamper and dine, drinking sour wines and contemplating the scenery whenever we could snatch a moment from the cold cut on our plate. Having dined, we would light our pipes and set the country boys scrambling for kreutzers, or we would play at blindman's buff, laughing all the time like children loosed from school; and, toward evening, stowing ourselves again in our waggons, we would rumble off home along a road that roams at large through unfenced corn-fields and garden plats, as if it had got astray, an idea corroborated by the staring wonder of the little plump, old-womanish girls, who, with their hair hanging in tails down their backs, stand agape as we pass. To tell the truth there is a deal of cant about your German's love for the summer time. The secret of his going into raptures over it is that he can then eat in the open air. Unless he could go off to some quiet farm-house, or old orchard, or moss grown rampart, or romantic mountain side to devour a dinner, lying on the grass, and drink wine or coffee, with coat off, under the trees, he would not care a snap for the summer time. He admires nature, it is true, but admires her for the same reason an alderman admires a town hall, because it is associated with recollections of good eating. Ask him to walk out into the country and he will enquire what kind of victuals you intend to take. Pause at a fine landscape and his raptures will be heightened by the sandwich he is munching. He likes a breezy sky and rustling trees because they make an excellent place for an ordinary, and

his admiration of nature, rising and falling with the state of the larder, dies out with the last cut of cold chicken. Oh! the Germans love the summer time, but after a way of their own, forcibly expressed in their famous national song,

"The summer comes once mo!
To beer, boys, to beer."

But thank heaven! we are not a German. We love the summer for its breezy uplands, rustling woods, cool vallies and running waters. We love it for its mysterious melodies like the sound of unseen bells at sea. We love it for its varied aspects, for its sweet associations, for its voluptuous idleness. It is then we leave the heats of town for the delicious coolness of the country. No longer do we sit beside our casement, through which the panting breeze, sick and faint with its toilsome way over the burning house-tops, creeps in to die; but, up with early dawn, we are off through the fields, brushing the dew drops from the grass, pausing to hear the full, liquid carols of the birds, or throwing ourselves on some breezy knoll to bathe our brow in the fresh morning gale. Oh! the summer time, the summer time, there is nothing like the summer time. Go out into the country then, and wherever you go, in simple hut or lordly hall, in cottages shut in with embowering vines or old mansions stately among patriarchal trees, you will see the beauty of the summer time. You cannot pause in your walk without having your ears filled with music. The rustling of the leaves, from the light murmur caused by a timid zephyr to the loud diapason of the rising gale, gives forth melodies which no composer can rival. And, at night, even the baying of a dog across the hills has something musical. Then there is the laughing voice of the brook playing among stones; the low, fond whisper of a rivulet caressing the long grass; the merry song of the tiny waterfall; the deep, quiet murmur of happiness coming from the full bosomed stream; and a thousand other of the tones of moving water, which endear to us the summer time, and make our hearts leap now at the thought that it is coming. We do not wonder that the oldest song in our language was written to commemorate the approach of this intoxicating time.

"Summer is a coming in,
Loud sing cuckoo!
Springeth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And groweth the weed new!"

Oh! the summer time, the summer time—with that draught of the soft south air, we are full of visions of the summer time. In fancy we smell the new mown hay or scent the wild rose, sweet briar and honeysuckle. We hear the birds, at early

morning, in the woods, making the air around us drunk with melody. We go along sheltered nooks, at the foot of rocks or under the high banks of streams, hunting for columbines or forgetme-nots. We are up with the sun to see the mowers moving, like animated music, in their long and graceful line; and we lie with them dozing in the shade at noon day, or watching the atmosphere undulate in the sultry sunbeams. We steal down to the cool spring-house, after a hot walk across the fields, and drink the limpid water that gushes from the stone basin in the corner, or we throw ourselves, panting and exhausted, beside the mill-race, and listen to the whirr of the mossy wheel, dreamily regarding the bright, silver drops that, flung from its buckets, play sparkling in the sunshine. We sit beneath a motionless elm, in the still, drowsy afternoon, while the slumberous hum of the bees comes monotonously to the ear, lulling us to indolent repose. And, toward evening, we stroll down some shady lane, between wood-covered hills, until we reach a stream in the valley, where a rustic bridge is found, with willows fringing the road for a hundred yards on either side. Around is untold music. The low sough of the wind in the branches, the twitter of birds in the brake, and the purling sound of the stream touch mysterious chords in our heart, until by and bye the choral anthem of the stars peals out, and the soul is "lapt into Elysium." Here, in the cool twilight we will sit and think, calling back our childish days when we built mimic water-wheels in just such another spot, and used to lie awake at night—for the house was nigh enough for this—to hear the low whirr of our plaything, rising and falling on the ear, with the fitful wind, that now rustled gently in the tree-tops, and now died away into awe-inspiring silence. We then believed in fairies, for there were often strange, though exquisitely musical sounds, at that hour of the night, and ignorant of their origin, or not caring to enquire into it, we were wont to fancy that these little creatures had come out to play around our mill, and that it was their low voices and merry laughter that we heard so strangely. The dream has long faded, but we never, even now, come on such a spot in our walks, without having that childish fancy brought back to us, and almost believing, for the moment, that there are fairies, and that in just such spots as these they gambol, dancing on the smooth silvery sward at moonlight to the music of murmuring leaves, or, it may be, a tiny mill wheel, like our own. And nothing, in our after years, has given us such unalloyed delight as this fanciful belief of our childhood. What would we give now to lie awake at midnight and think we listened to the fairies.

Words cannot tell the pleasure of the trembling eagerness with which, now and then, we would rise from bed and holding our breath, steal to the window, to catch a glimpse of these tiny revelers as they repaired to the trysting spot, according to the fanciful description of Drake.

"They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swing in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rock'd about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum' bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minims forns array'd
In the trickay pomp of fairy pride!"

Thank God for the summer time! It visits us like an angel sent from heaven to remind us of a brighter existence. What would become of the inhabitants of our cities if there was no sultry August to lure them away into the country, where, forgetting the cares and heartlessness of the town, they recall the purity of childhood, and insensibly grow better men. Tell us not of the wild dissipation at our watering places. All do not go thither; and there is something in the influence of nature, in the humble habits of the country, in the quiet churches where you go to worship on the Sabbath, which distils better feelings, like gentle dew on the heart, and widens our sympathies with nature and our fellow men. He who spends a month in the country during summer, and comes back with his heart unsoftened has lost forever the brightest heritage of his nature. Yes! we thank God for the summer time! Who does not look forward, in the long dreary winter months, or when harassed by the cares of business, to the hour, in July or August, which shall release him, for a time, from his slavery, and send him out into the country with a breast comparatively lightened of trouble, and an eye and ear for everything beautiful in nature, whether it be a forest glade or a simple flower, the roar of Niagara or the carol of a bird. And oh! how delightful is it for those who were born in the country to go back to the old homestead and spend a week or two with their parents. There is something holy in this custom. It keeps alive one of the best emotions of our nature, for he who continues to reverence his parents, but especially his mother, will rarely commit any great crime. Think of the glad hearts of the parents as they clasp their son to their bosoms and note, with honest pride, the

improvement a year has made in his appearance. Think of the sisters clinging around the newly returned brother, of the killing of the fatted calf to welcome his coming, and of the eagerness with which the whole family gathers around him to hear what he has to tell. On the next day he visits every spot he knew in childhood!—the old school house, the play ground, the spring in the woods, and a score of places besides. He calls, too, on old friends, and all is hilarity. Everything around him—so quiet and unpretending—contrasts with the false glare and turmoil of the town, and he goes to bed at night with better, because gentler feelings than he has experienced for months, and, dreaming, perhaps, that he has grown rich and returned to settle in his native village, wakes to resolve on it in earnest if ever he should acquire a competence. They have more of this home-feeling in New England than here, and they are the better for it. We shall never forget a coarsely clad youth whom we once met on the great western route, who dressed thus plainly and even meanly that he might be able to come east and see his parents. He had travelled all the way from Iowa, and was bound to Maine, and the joyousness with which he looked forward to the meeting almost seemed childish. But it told how he loved his old parents in their poverty, and it drew our heart to him. We have never heard of him since, but the image of that youth, denying himself for months that he might gladden his parents' hearts with a sight of him again before they died, often recurs to us admonishingly when we would think illy of our fellow man.

Oh! the summer time, the summer time, blessings on the golden summer time! All through the land—in humble dwelling or princely pile—there is rejoicing at its approach, for it comes breathing happiness on every one alike. With the song of birds and the blooming of roses it comes, dancing along the mead like a Bacchante crowned with grapes. The poor widow no longer weeps as she beholds her hungry children shivering over a scanty fire, for in the summer time she knows that food will be plenty, and that the blue vault of heaven will be spread smilingly over them. From miserable alleys and damp cellars, where one would think a human being could scarcely exist, sick and emaciated wretches creep out to see the glad sunshine and drink the invigorating air, in hopes to regain the health they have struggled vainly to recover, in their wet and noisome dens, during the dreary winter months. Go out into the suburbs and you will see the honest laborer, after his hard day's work, sitting, in the cool of the evening, with his family around him, enjoying the soft air which, at the gloamin, steals into the town, smelling of the

flowers it has dallied with on the hill-side all day long; and, in the country, at the same hour, you will find the farmer in his porch, resting after the toils of the day, while the twitter of retiring birds from the hedges and the tinkling bells of the returning kine, soothe him with melodies in unison with his thoughts. But words cannot describe the charm of the summer time. It may be felt but not told. With its green meadows, its thickly growing clover, its fields of glowing grain—its cool evenings which are the more delightful for the heats of noon-day—its starry nights and cloudless moonlit skies—its birds and flowers and limpid waters—and its refreshing rains that come down on wood and lake with a sound like the playing of fairy music, there is no season so bewitching as the summer time. From the first days of June, when the peach trees, with their delicately tinted blossoms, remind you of the gardens of the Hesperides, to the coming in of September with its glowing fruits, yellowing corn, and glorious skies, it is one continued dream of fairy land.

We once knew a beautiful girl, a high-souled, impulsive creature, full of poetry to overflowing, who, at the age of eighteen, was brought to death's door by consumption. She had always had a passionate love for the summer time. Her childhood had been spent in the country, in one of the most pleasant valleys of the Susquehannah, amid primeval forests and romantic mountains. From her earliest years she had been accustomed to the fresh air of the hills, the murmur of trees and waters, and the magnificence of nature, so that, at last, these things became, as it were, a part of her being, and she pined for them, when absent, as the divided heart pines for its other half. When she grew to her tenth year, her parents removed to the city, but, annually, at the leafing of the trees, she was accustomed to go to her birth-place, where she remained until the cool evenings of autumn drove the family again to town. Everything, therefore, that was beautiful in nature came to be associated, in her mind, with the notion of the summer time. The first breath of reviving spring, with its warm, south, *summerly* feel, brought to her visions of wild roses blooming on the cliffs, and all the delights of her romantic country life; for she would climb the hill side like a young chamois, and row about, all unaccompanied, the whole day on some lonely mountain lake. But one summer she was in Europe, and could not visit her native valley. She came back with a severe cold, which soon settled on her vitals. She was not at first considered dangerous, and she whiled away the tedious hours by anticipations of her delight when summer should come around, and she should return to her

native hills again; for it seemed, she said, as if she had been absent from them for years. And, as her disease advanced, this feeling settled into a devouring passion. She could think or talk of nothing else. "When will summer return?" was her constant question. In her dreams she fancied herself back again in her loved valley, and often woke her sister at midnight by her tears of disappointment. Every morning her first inquiry was about the weather. When the snow whirled down the deserted streets she drooped and grew desponding; but on those mild days, that often appear in the dead of winter, she was like a bird just come back to his native groves, and made all hearts in the household lighter with her gaiety. As the season drew on, her spirits rose to an unbounded height, and when March, at last, returned, her joy could scarcely be restrained. But then came a reverse. Suddenly she grew worse, and, once or twice, it was thought that she was dying. But she revived, still to dream of the summer, longing for it "as the hart panteth for the water brooks." She knew now that she had not long to live; and though, to one so young and beautiful, it might have been thought that death would come an unwelcome visitor, she repined little, and seemed only to wish to survive until the summer time. Over the wreck of her early hopes, over the loss of her cherished friends, over the separation from brothers, sisters, and parents she shed no tears: they were dear to her, and she parted from them with pain; but the all engrossing passion of her heart was to see her native hills again bathed in the golden sunshine of the summer time. It was her prayer that they would bear her thither; and after many misgivings at the effect of the fatigue on her weak frame, the journey was undertaken.

They who have travelled up the Susquehannah know the exquisite loveliness of its scenery. As the dying girl recognized each familiar object her eye lighted, and the glow of enthusiasm came to her cheek. But it was only for an hour or two at noonday that she could be carried out from the close cabin of the boat to gaze on the landscape, for the weather, with that fickleness peculiar to our climate, had suddenly grown chilly again, and winter seemed about returning to assert a longer sway. One morning there was a white frost on the deck, and the cool air from the hills drove all within the cabin. How the sufferer's hopes fell! She counted the few sands yet to run from her heart, and felt that not many hours more would be allowed to her on earth. Should she never again behold her darling summer time?

She grew delirious. Her talk was incoherent and melancholy, but through the tissue of dark

thoughts ran a golden thread—it was a wild dream that she should see the summer time. Her friends feared that she would not hold out until the end of the journey, and hastened on. Before they reached their destination she had sunk into a state of stupor, from which they vainly tried to arouse her. The fatigue of travelling, joined to the agitation of her spirits had totally exhausted her, leaving her family no hope that she would revive even for a moment, before she died. In tears they bore her to the home of her infancy, and laid her down in her own quiet chamber.

It was evening. There had been another sudden change in the weather, and the air was now balmy and from the south; it was just such a day as this on which we are writing. They opened the casement, for they knew how she loved the pure air. It was the Sabbath, and the bell of the little church suddenly began to ring for evening service. The sound had been familiar to the sufferer from infancy, and as it came stealing on her ear, an expression of pleased surprise dawned on her face, which had lately been so vacant. She stirred, held up her finger, and listened, like a child when it hears sweet music: then as chord after chord of her memory vibrated to the tones, a look of enthusiasm burst gloriously across her face, and, rising unsupported in bed, she gazed enquiringly around. One familiar object after another met her eye, and a smile of ineffable joy irradiated her face. She looked to her mother and murmured, though like one talking in a bewildering dream,

"Is not this home? Surely, it is home, mother."

Her mother sat on the bed supporting her, but was unable to reply for emotion. The dying girl saw it not, for her attention had been drawn to the window, through which the soft, south wind, laden with fragrance from the early blossoming garden trees, stole gently, filling the room with balmy odors, and playing caressingly with the hot brow and dark tresses of the sufferer. The bells had now ceased, but sounds as strangely sweet still met her ear. She heard the low murmur of the neighboring stream, the rustle of leaves, the hum of early bees, and other dear and familiar tones. Far away she saw her loved hills bathed in the mellow gold of the evening sunshine. Her passionate desire seemed fulfilled. Brighter and more glorious grew the look of rapture on her face: she raised her hands, and spreading them out toward the landscape, said,

"It is summer. Did I not say I should live till summer?"

She looked triumphantly around, her face, glowing with extatic joy until it shone as that of an angel: and thus, for a full minute, she continued

gazing from face to face. Oh! who would break, even if they could, her glorious illusion? What though the tears of the spectators fell like rain! She saw them not, for the all absorbing thought of her mind was that the summer time had come. And when she sank back exhausted on the pillows, that look of high enthusiasm still glowed on her face; and when they put their ears down to her moving lips to catch the almost unintelligible words, they found that the same idea still ran through her mind. She was talking of heaven, where, she said, it was always summer time. And so, murmuring, she died.

We have not the heart to write more.

TO A MINATURE.

BY B. E. PRATT.

STILL the same look! I would a change
Might come upon thine eye,
It answers ever to my gaze,
Too brightly, joyously:
Thy pictured on thy face no grief—
Were but a sad look there,
'T would surely bring some slight relief
To all this wild despair.

There rests no shadow on thy brow,
As calm and bright it seems
As when we pledged that broken vow
Beside the moonlit stream;
Years have gone by, but still I feel
As if 'twas yesterday,
And fancy almost bide me steal
To our old haunts away.

Oh! Mary, might but one low tone
Thy slumbering heart within
Awake, and with repentant moan
Lament thy early sin—
I might not struggle thus to fling
All thoughts of thee away.
But in my heart, a chastened thing
Thy memory might stay.

But now 'twere better thou did'st sleep
Within an early tomb,
Than that thine eye its light should keep,
Thy cheek its summer bloom;
'T were better since all purity
Within thy heart is dead,
And from thy beauty all the light
And loveliness has fled.

I thought not that this love would cling
So long to its chafed chain,
Yet life were nought could I but bring
Thy soul's truth back again;
But it is vain—and life must bear
Few smiles, few hopes for me,
I know this heart shall ever wear
A shroud of grief for thee.

OUR KATE;

OR, BORN FOR AN OLD MAID.

WE can imagine a recluse, who, by constant reading of the lighter fictions of the day and strong imaginative powers, might conclude that all the young ladies of our wide-spreading country were like the angelic creatures described in a story, with beaming eyes, transparent complexion and ruby lips. But fortunately such recluses do not exist, or they are careful to avoid any awakening from their blissful state of ignorance.

From such recluses our heroine would never receive a second glance; and, indeed, so little was she formed to win the general admiration even of the fashionable world, a world not *over* fastidious, that without our kind efforts to draw her forth, we fear she would remain unnoticed. Our Kate was as far from a beauty at seventeen as can commonly be found. To be sure she neither squinted, had red hair, nor was freckled: neither did she stoop in walking; yet she had reached the mature age mentioned above, and no one called her more than good-looking. If you had asked any of the belles and beaux of H—, after a brilliant party, if Kate was there, they would have answered hesitatingly, "yes—no—I believe so—in some corner—of course we saw but little of her." *Of course*; for Kate was sadly out of place on such occasions, and to retire into some remote corner, or draw within the folds of a window curtain and watch those about her, was to her the height of enjoyment.

I will not deny that there were times, when, with her admiration of the splendid charms of her cousin Ellen, there was mingled a sigh for her own want of beauty, for woman will be woman, and there are none who would not choose to be beautiful. But Kate was immediately cured of the sighing if Ellen, from her body of adorers, cast a glance and a smile to the nook where she was; for the cousins were mutually fond and proud of each other, and the best friends in the world. "Proud of each other?" asks some one, "what had Kate, pray, that any one should be proud of her?" My dear reader, she had a well stored and well balanced mind; she was the charm of the winter evening fireside, when sitting with her grand parents and cousin Ellen, for both the girls were orphans; she made them happy by relating to them the most amusing anecdotes she had read during the day, the most interesting of the adventures she had met with in her strolls; in short, without knowing of such an art as that of conversation, our Kate had acquired it perfectly. Then was Ellen the quiet admirer and listener; she had the good sense to know that Kate was far her superior.

Kate had no lovers! Of course not: the idea is absurd: she never thought of the possibility of such a thing, and so tacitly was it understood and firmly was it believed that Kate was "cut out" for an old maid, that it had long been settled between the cousins that whenever Ellen should choose a husband from among her admirers, Kate should play the single sister of her household. But as yet both were "fancy free;" so thought they, and so thought all; and so in fact it was, much as our young minister, who frequently visited the *old folks*, wished that it was not; but as long as he thought his secret unsuspected, he tried to be contented with his fate. It had entered Kate's mind, for she saw more than others from her habits of quiet observation, that perhaps the grave, reserved and dignified Mr. Grey might be captivated by the all-conquering graces of Ellen; for, from time immemorial, she knew that, in cases of love, it had been a settled principle, that unlike qualities should unite; and Kate liked him well enough to wish him success. Ellen saw his superiority and confessed to herself the love of such a man was worth winning.

A slight look from Kate, with the slightest possible smile, when Mr. Grey was the subject of praise—as a minister always is in a little town—revealed to Ellen the suspicions of Kate, and with her eyes now opened to the subject, she determined to understand how the matter stood, for she could not deny to herself that she felt a pleasure in believing Kate right.

"Is it possible," said she to herself, "that Mr. Grey and I are in love with each other, and that only Kate knows it?" Ellen was no novice in love, and she knew every symptom of an incipient love *affair*; when Mr. Grey, therefore, entered for his usual morning call, he was subjected to a close scrutiny. He came with his usual gifts of wild flowers for the young ladies and cheerful chat for the old people. With the air of gallantry to which Ellen was accustomed, and an easy flow of compliment, he presented a bunch to her, but proffered in silence the remainder to Kate. "This is rather mystifying," thought Ellen, "can Kate be wrong?" and, as she again looked up, she saw that his eyes still rested on Kate. The truth flashed upon her. "It is Kate herself," she said. Her opinion was confirmed when she noticed that her own flowers were the gay and gaudy ones which the careless loiterer cannot fail to notice everywhere, while Kate's were those sweet and modest ones which must be sought beneath the tall grass and among the thick hedges.

And how did Ellen feel under this conviction? First there came a pang of wounded vanity; then an earnest "thank God I am yet heart whole;"

then a generous wish that Kate might return his love, and then a glow of girlish triumph that for once she was more clear sighted than Kate.

It was some months after this, and Ellen had kept her secret most discreetly, when, during a sunset ramble, they were joined by Mr. Grey. Their stroll was so wandering and unsettled in its plan that each occasionally left the others, in pursuit of flower, or berry or bird, and Ellen, in unusually high glee, was sitting about like a mere child when it suddenly occurred to her that, though Kate was constantly calling her back to admire something which Mr. Grey had found, the gentleman showed no particular anxiety to detain her.

"Please Mr. Grey," said she, "may I have leave of absence for half an hour? I don't like to be 'de trop,'" and with a laugh at Kate's look of consternation and Mr. Grey's rising color, she darted off into a shady path, and was soon out of sight.

I have admitted that Ellen was discreet, and instead of joining them at the end of a half hour, she walked quietly home, and telling her grand parents that Kate had strolled farther with the minister, she *tried* to wait patiently her return. It was quite dark, and the old people were getting anxious before this happened, and then Mr. Grey stepped in to say Kate must not be scolded, and so bade good night to all, with a pressure of the hand to Ellen, so kind that she could not help laughing and asking his forgiveness for running away from them, and thereupon the minister said, "God bless you Ellen," with an earnestness that proved it to come from his heart, and was off.

"Cousin Kate," said Ellen, whispering to her cousin. "I hope for the future you will value more my sagacity and penetration, and believe if I am a belle I am almost as wise as you."

"Wiser a great deal, and the best cousin in the world," said Kate, and she kissed Ellen so affectionately that the old people wondered what it could all mean.

I will say nothing of the gossip of the town, when it was known the next day that our Kate, so nicely adapted to an old maid's life, was to be the wife of the minister.

A FRAGMENT.

ALL men are brothers, speak to them as such:
Kind words are monies put at usury
Which yearly grow with added interest
Until the sum's a mountain. Ne'er omit,
The chance to make you friends. Boys they are
Laid down in life's wild channel; and when storms
Come up, and blackness shrouds the watery waste,
Their aid may frighten shipwreck from your side.

A. W.

THE TWO WEDDINGS.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

A large and fashionable party had just assembled in Mrs. Staunton's splendid drawing rooms, which were brilliantly lighted and redolent with the perfume of the fragrant exotic plants, whose profusion seemed to create a mimic summer during winter's dreary reign. Though a hundred voices have till now been busy with the passing jest and lively repartee, all are hushed, and the stillness of expectation has settled on every countenance. At length the door opens, and a train of fair bridesmaids, with their attendants, first advance, who, when they reach the centre of the circle, divide to right and left, and in their midst appears the lovely bride, leaning on the arm of him whom she has chosen for her companion through the rest of her mortal pilgrimage. How solemn is a marriage rite—what a concentration of life's holiest hopes and highest duties are embodied in that moment. The clergyman raises his voice in exhortation, while the head of the fair bride is bowed upon her bosom—the holy vows are breathed "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death do us part." The prayer and blessing have been spoken, and the beautiful creature is now enfolded in her mother's arms, while the murmur of congratulation succeeds, and gradually recovering from her agitation, she gracefully receives the wishes for her happiness that all press forward to utter. Lovely as Dora Staunton always was, she had never looked so proudly beautiful as now. Of queenly presence, she is attired as becomes a queen. The costly robe of lace covers the snow white satin; the graceful Brussels veil, fastened by a wreath of orange blossoms among her luxuriant hair, like a tissue from a fairy's loom, enshrouds her falling shoulders and rounded form; while on her bosom and her brow sparkle diamonds of purest water, the gift of the happy bridegroom. And now, having admired the costly dress, and paid the compliments that courtesy demands, the company once more return to their gossip, while the busy hostess glides from group to group, to see that all are duly entertained, until the summons to a splendid supper relieves her from ministering to their intellectual wants, and the evening is concluded amid feasting and hilarity. It is useless to tell our readers that here is the seat of wealth and fashion, and that a brilliant future is predicted to these favored children of fortune, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson Huntley.

We must now take a glance at another scene of a similar nature, that is enacting in a more humble dwelling, within a few squares of the aristocratic

THE DECLARED LOVER.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WILL you go with me to-morrow night?" said Frank Huston as he parted from Lucy Alton at the door late one evening.

"Oh! to be sure," said Lucy, "provided the exhibition is worth seeing, which I suppose it is, or such a gay gallant as you would not have asked me."

"Very well," said Frank, lifting his hat and turning to depart, "I shall be here early."

Frank was Lucy's lover. He had been so for several months. Frank was open as the day, and loved Lucy with his whole heart, and he had often urged her to consent to a speedy marriage. But she was a gay, thoughtless creature, who, though she loved him in her secret soul, strove to conceal it from him, as many of her sex do. Had Frank not been a declared lover this would have been commendable; but as it was she only made him unhappy without any commensurate gratification to herself, for often after she had been so capricious as to drive her lover nearly to despair, would she lie awake weeping all night. How false is that sentiment which induces a woman thus wantonly to trifle with a lover, through mistaken notions of pride.

But Lucy was not solely to blame for her conduct. She had an elder sister who possessed great influence over her, and this sister secretly disliked Frank, taking every opportunity to injure him, though outwardly treating him with feigned favor. The morning after the conversation with which our tale begins, Lucy and her sister had just seated themselves at the breakfast table, when the latter said,

"Mr. Townsend was here last night—he left invitations for us to the concert this evening. I told him you had no engagement, and he is to bring Mr. Sartori, his Italian friend, with him."

"How sorry I am," said Lucy.

"Sorry for what?" responded her sister.

"That he asked me, for I told Frank I would go to the exhibition with him to-night."

"Pshaw!—Frank again."

"Why what would you have me to do?" said Lucy, after a minute's painful pause.

"I cannot take on me to advise," replied the sister. "Only this I will say, that Mr. Townsend and his friend will think it very odd that, after making an engagement with them, you break it for Frank."

"But won't Frank think it very odd for me, after making an engagement with him, to break it for these comparative strangers?"

"There is the difference. With a friend one may take liberties, but not with a stranger. Frank can go with you any evening, but Mr. Sartori leaves town the day after to-morrow. He has been very civil to you, and it is but polite to go with him."

Lucy paused.

"But Frank will be so angry," she said, timidly, at length.

"Then let him be. Oh! before I would suffer a gentleman to see that I cared for angering him I would die. What! surrender this privilege of our sex. No, no, if you wish to retain the affection of a man tease him and conceal from him your love."

There was again a pause for several minutes, and the breakfast service was nearly over when Lucy's sister carelessly remarked,

"This is the last night of Signor Nagel, is it not? You have the newspaper, Lucy."

"Yes! He sails for Europe next week."

"And the exhibition remains open for a month."

"It does."

"Then I'm astonished that Frank did not ask you to hear the Signor this evening. He knows how fond you are of music."

"I'm a great mind to go," said Lucy, who, by this time, began to yield, as customary, to her sister, from a secret dread of that sister's sarcasms if she betrayed her love, "Frank and I can go to the exhibition some other time."

"But not if he gets angry," said the sister, with a slight scorn on her lip, which stung Lucy to the soul.

"Angry or not I will go with Sartori," said Lucy, with flashing eyes. "So that's fixed," and she rose from the table.

And she *did* go with the Italian to the concert. Frank arrived a few minutes after she had left the house, and words cannot describe his surprise, indignation and pain at her conduct. He paced his room for hours that night, now resolving never again to visit Lucy, and now determining to see her once more and hear her excuse. He finally concluded to adopt the latter course.

Lucy herself spent an unhappy evening. Not even the divine strains of Nagel's instrument could banish from her mind the thought of how Frank would regard her conduct. On returning home she heard of the surprise of her lover, which he had not affected to conceal, and, auguring the worst, she retired to her chamber and spent the night in tears. At the breakfast table she strove in vain to hide the effect the last evening's events had produced on her. Her sister read her secret in her swollen eyes, and with a few well managed

taunts, turned the whole current of Lucy's thoughts and made her ashamed of her weakness. It was while she was in this new mood that Frank called.

"Well, your jailor is below," said her sister, bringing Frank's card up to Lucy. "He has come, I suppose, to see your repentant tears under pain of his eternal displeasure."

In no temper, therefore, to receive her lover as a injured person did Lucy descend to the parlor. The salutations on both sides were cold, and the conversation at first general and embarrassed. At last Frank came to the point.

"You went out last night, Lucy. Was I mistaken in supposing, from what you said the night before, that you were engaged to visit the exhibition with me?"

This was said mildly, though with some constraint, and had Lucy replied to it in a proper spirit all would have gone well. But, instead of making a candid explanation of the circumstances, and trusting to her lover's generosity, she replied, for she was still writhing under her sister's implied taunts.

"And if I was engaged with you—what then?"

Frank looked sadly at her, for there was a defiance in the tone as well as in the words. Lucy's heart rebuked her, and had she then changed her demeanor all might still have gone well. But pride, that fatal curse, again interposed, and she resumed.

"You say nothing!"

"Lucy," said Frank reprovingly. Her eyes flashed.

"I do not understand you, sir. You assume a tone of unwarrantable authority over my movements this morning. Have I ever given you leave to do this?"

Frank hesitated ere he replied. He saw that she had taken a position which precluded all explanation, since it denied his right to ask any. But he saw also the erroneous nature of this position. He, therefore, determined not to give up the point yet.

"This is not what I assert, Lucy," he said. "You made an engagement with me, which was broken. This surely entitles me to an explanation, and I ask nothing strange, I assume no unwarrantable authority in seeking it."

The justice of this position impressed Lucy, and again she was on the point of yielding; but again her better impulses gave way to pride.

"Thank heaven," she said, rising, "we are not engaged. If I cannot do as I please, without being treated like a truant child—if my conduct cannot be regarded as right, without explanation, and on the faith of my own notions of justice,

then I care not to make any effort to place it in a favorable light. You have your answer, sir. A jealous tyrant for a husband is my particular aversion."

There was a tone of contempt in these latter words which overthrew the guard that Frank had hitherto maintained over his feelings. He, too, rose. His whole demeanor was changed.

"It is well," he said with dignity. "Lucy, I had not looked for this. I came here disposed to be frank: you met me with insult. I shall never trouble you again. Sometime hereafter you may think differently of this hour." He waited for no reply, but left the room. And Lucy, hesitating an instant whether or not to call him back, sank on the sofa when the hall door closed, and burst into tears. The next day she heard that Frank had left the city suddenly on a visit to his sister at New Orleans.

A month passed away. Often was Lucy tempted to write to her lover and sue for his forgiveness, but a fatal voice always interposed, whispering that he would soon return, when an opportunity for a reconciliation might occur without compromising her pride.

One morning, about two months after Frank's departure, on opening the newspaper, her eyes fell on the following paragraph:

"Died, at New Orleans, on the sixteenth inst., FRANK ALWYN, Esq., of New York, of yellow fever."

The paper fell from Lucy's hand and she fainted away. She was carried to her chamber which she did not leave for months, and when she came forth she was a different creature. Years have passed since then, and though her offers have been numerous, she still remains faithful to the memory of her lover. She looks on herself, in part, as his murderer. And those who could see the sad, pale face of the once haughty Lucy would acknowledge that bitter has been the lesson she has learned *never to trifle with a declared lover*.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! to other lands I go,
Beneath a burning sun
Where Death stands waiting at the door—
Soon may my race be run.

Oh! if a meeting here below
To us no more is given,
I'll cheer me with the happy thought,
We'll meet again in heaven. I.

commenced under Nebuchodonosor II., the Nebuchadnezzar of Scripture. He continued in power under Evil Merodach, the profligate son and successor of Nebuchadnezzar. As the sacred historian informs us, at the first promotion of Daniel, that "he continued even unto the first year of King Cyrus," it is certain that he was engaged at court under the two next succeeding monarchs, Neriglissar and Labarsoarchod, both of whom, and especially the latter, were most vicious and abandoned princes. Of the latter the historian remarks that, "being born with the most vicious inclinations, he indulged them without restraint when he came to the crown, as if he had been invested with sovereign power only to have the privilege of committing with impunity the most infamous and barbarous actions." Under his successor, Labynitus, or Belshazzar, an effeminate and dissolute prince, Daniel was promoted to be third ruler of the kingdom. During the reign of this prince, the affairs of the government were wholly under the control of Nitocris, an ambitious woman, but one possessed of a strong mind. This accounts for the fact, that Daniel, although an officer in the government, was comparatively unknown, or at least forgotten by this pleasure-loving monarch. And here we have an indirect but strong argument in favor of Daniel's ability and faithfulness as a statesman. While the pleasure-seeking companions of the King were spending their whole time in dissipation and luxury, he was engaged in directing the affairs of the empire; and so faithful was he in the discharge of his duty, that he never found time for indulgence in those scenes of amusement and pleasure in which the King spent his whole time, regardless of the welfare of the empire. As the latter never troubled himself about state affairs, and the former never frequented those places and scenes which would unfit him for the proper discharge of his duties, the natural consequence was that they were personally unknown to each other, and that when Daniel was brought into the banqueting court to interpret the mysterious inscription upon the wall, the queen mother was compelled to introduce him anew to the sovereign!

With the death of Belshazzar ended the Babylonian empire; but not the prosperity of Daniel. Under the Median prince, Darius, he was advanced to still higher honors, which he continued to enjoy under the estimable Cyrus even to the day of his death. Now had he not been, in every respect, fitted—eminently fitted—for the station which he occupied, we cannot conceive it possible that he should have maintained it, and even been advanced from one post of honor and dignity to another, under so many different princes, of such different characters, and even to have withstood the shock of a complete overthrow of the government and the establishment of a foreign prince. The decided preference given to him by the Median King over all the other courtiers, strongly shows that his talents and fidelity were well known and appreciated, even at a foreign court.

(To be concluded.)

A FAMILY SCENE.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined."—*Pope.*

I HAPPENED not long since to call at a certain neighbor's for the purpose of friendly conversation, when on a sudden half a dozen boys and girls pushed into the room, and, with a boisterous sound of words and laughter, confused and almost drowned our conversation. The father reddened with aceming resentment, and said, in a soft tone, "Don't, my children, be noisy." He might as well have been silent; for they have been too long acquainted with this irresolute and unsteady government, to pay the least attention to what was said. They continued their noise till one, a little out of breath, drew off from the rest, to listen to a story his father was relating. Presently he cried out, "Father, you don't tell that story right." "But do you not know, my son, it is not good manners to interrupt your father when talking?" "But I say, father, you don't tell that story as I heard it." His father was silent, and his son went on with the story; the old man was as tame as a whipped spaniel till it was finished. He then said, "Come, my son, come, my son, fetch some wood and put it on the fire." "Can't, father: let Sam go; great lazy boy, he han't done nothing to-day." "Yes, I have done more than you have, too: you may go; father told you first." "Don't say so, Sammy; come, John, you are father's best boy: run and bring some wood." "Yes, I am always the best boy when there is any thing to do: have to do every thing under the sun. Great lazy Kate stays in the house, and can't do nothing: let her go." In the end, the father went and got it himself. In his absence, as one was sitting down in his chair, another pulled the chair away, and let him fall to the floor. He scrambled up in a rage, and fell upon his brother with his fist and teeth, and began to cry, "Father, John is biting and striking me." "Well, Sam pulled the chair away, and almost killed me." "Kate has got a pin and pricks me," screamed another. "He pinched me first," said Kate. "Give me my thing here," bawled the fifth. "I won't; 'tisn't yours; it's mine: you said I might have it." "L-a, my son, do give it to him." "I won't." And away it went into the fire.

Dinner was soon ready, and another scene of irregularities now opened. The children scampered and huddled round the table, and each began to help himself before the duties of the table were attended to. They cut and slashed, crowded and differed, till the pie was brought to the table, when one called out with authority, "Mother, give me a great piece." "Sam (said another) has got a piece as big again as I have;" and away went his piece upon the floor. "O my dear," said the mother, "that is naughty; shouldn't do so: don't cry, my dear, and I will give you a great piece. I believe," said the mother, "the children always act worse when we have company, than at any other time. They act worse than I ever knew them."

murder of his nephew Prince Arthur. The fort being impregnable to an assault, it was reduced by famine. The garrison was, consequently, from time to time, obliged to dismiss its useless inhabitants, who were allowed to pass unmolested by the besiegers. At last this relief was stopped; and when the garrison turned out, at one period, above four hundred old men, women, and children, the French fired upon them, and drove them back in despair to the walls. Here they were denied admittance; and for three months were those poor miserable creatures obliged to live in the open air, and with no other sustenance than grass and water. At last a circumstance, too dreadful to mention, reached the ears of Philip, and he relented: all those who were yet alive were taken care of. In this same fortress, David Bruce, King of Scotland, resided when in exile. In 1409 it came into the possession of the English, who held it for above forty years. In conclusion, we are sorry to add that these fine forests are said to be fast dwindling away, not under the axe of the poor woodcutters, whose exertions may be said to be useful, rather than otherwise, in keeping down their rapid undergrowth, but under the more wholesale operations of the speculator and the capitalist.

THE BURIED ALIVE.

DEATH! how fearfully the name rings an alarm upon the ear of mortality. It is the mournful intimation that the current of Time is bearing us onward to the illimitable ocean in which all earthly wealth, luxuries, friendships, the strong affections that are golden-linked to our hearts—are lost forever. DEATH! it is Earth's mightiest sovereign. The proud and strong are levelled to the humble and the weak. The ambitious man is hurled from the dizzy height down beside the six feet of mould of the lowest. The rich, who have rioted in marble palaces, and the poor who have dragged miserable existences out in roofless hovels, "lie down together," until the resurrection morning.

It is a harrowing reflection that we *must* die; but if that reflection be so bitter, who can fathom the sensations of one who has been pronounced dead, who has been laid in the tomb—and yet has been BURIED ALIVE! That was my fate. Listen, and ponder well.

I was the only daughter of proud, wealthy, fashionable parents, resident in Boston; the round of my life until I was twenty may easily be imagined. It was a series of dissipation that was crushing all the moral feelings and intellectual powers. That momentous period of my existence is a blank. Let it be blotted out from the record of time, and nothing good, pure, or holy will disappear with it. I mean not that I had committed any crime that is popularly stigmatized as heinous, but that, like thousands similarly situated, I had considered the "chief end" of life to be the fashions—the frivolities of technical "high life." So I could get my jewels and my satins, I cared not how the "inner jewels of the soul," long buried in ruin. I was daily bartering a glorious eternity for an ignoble mortality. But on the even of my birth-day—I was then twenty—the hand of disease rested heavily upon me. In three days I was struck dumb—paralyzed in all my faculties—as though by the hand of the Almighty. My mother entered the room—looked at me—shrieked, and exclaimed, "*She is dead!*" The physician was called in—examined my pulse, shook his head, and pronounced me "*dead.*" I tried to speak—tried to struggle—to groan; but though burning with agony, I was not able to give vent to the pent-up fire. While I lay in speechless consciousness, I heard the carpenter coolly ask the measure of my coffin—I heard the coffin itself brought up stairs—I heard them open the door and enter the room with it.

As I was placed in it, I again attempted to speak, but could produce no sound, or exhibit any sign of life. The memory of the past was burning and blazing before me—the horrible future was vividly painted on the black canvass of the mind. I again tried to struggle;—it was in vain. But now came the heart-harrowing scene. It was my burial. They began to assemble in the room where I was confined. All was solemn silence, unbroken save by my mother's sobs. The clergyman rose, and said, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He then laid the ashes upon my body, and uttered the thrilling words of the liturgy: "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in his wise Providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased sister, we therefore commit her body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Who can imagine my feelings at that hour! It would require an archangel's power to describe them. Oh, how inapplicable was the title of *sister*, at that solemn moment! But let me hasten. After being carried through the streets, followed by a splendid train, such as wealth could buy, I was laid in the tomb of my ancestors—upon a pile of mouldering coffins—to die. My mother came, dropped the tear of agony, and retired. Others, as a matter of idle form, followed her example;—but my poor mother's solitary tear was all that wet my cheek. All had done—the door was closed—the key turned—I was alone. The struggle was over. I must die. Yet at that moment a calm—sweet and balmy as the atmosphere of paradise—stole over my senses. I felt not alone. My mother's tear!—it still lay wet upon my cheek. It was her representative. Oh, how I prized, at that fearful moment, that jewel drop. It was to me the richest diamond of her soul. It soothed me and—I slept!—ay, sweetly slept, even in the very tomb; slept in companionship with the dead! But it was a sleep that could not last for ever. At first when I awoke I imagined myself in my father's house. Then the consciousness of where I was came rushing upon me with accumulated horror. I made an effort to move—I did move—the paralysis had past. With the energy of desperation I struggled—the coffin toppled from its pile of death—fell—burst the lid, and rolled me out upon the damp, stone floor. I rose, rushed to the door, and tugged at the ponderous fastenings, as though Samson's strength rested in my attenuated fingers. I raved—I even cursed—I prayed—I laughed the hideous laugh of the maniac. My brain was like molten lead. I was mad. Phantoms of the imagination crowded around me. I saw the grinning and dusty skeletons of the dead rise before me—hissing serpents twined themselves around my throat. I fainted and fell.

When I awoke, I was on my own bed, in my father's house, with my mother by my side. In my calm moments I ascertained that my screams had arrested the attention of the sexton, who was then preparing a neighboring tomb for the reception of the dead. Notice was immediately given, and I was rescued from a living grave.

Reader! while, perhaps you shudder at my narrative, I bless the horrible *cause* for the salutary *effect*. I had been living as though Earth and its people were immortal. The lesson I have received has taught me to prepare for a residence in Heaven; and now I can exclaim truly, in the language of the almost inspired Young,

"Happy day that breaks our chain!

That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great metropolis,
And re-admits us, through the guardian hand
Of elder brothers, to our Father's throne,
Who hears our advocate and through his wounds,
Beholding man, allows that tender name."

Roxbury, Mass.